All kinde of arguments and queſtion deepe,
Al replication prompt,and reaſon ſtrong
For his aduantage ſtill did wake and ſleep,
To make the weeper laugh,the laugher weepe:
He hadthe dialect and different skil,
Catching al paſſions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general boſome raigne
Of young, of old,and ſexes both inchanted,
To dwel with him in thoughts,or to remaine
In perſonal duty,following where he haunted,
Conſent's bewitcht, ere he deſire haue granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would ſay,
Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture gette
To ſerue their eies,and in it put their mind,
Like fooles that in th' imagination ſet
The goodly obiects which abroad they find
Of lands and manſions,theirs in thought aſſign'd,
And labouring in moe pleaſures to beſtow them,
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many haue that neuer toucht his hand
Sweetly ſuppoſ'd them miſtreſſe of his heart:
My wofull ſelfe that did in freedome ſtand,
And was my owne fee ſimple(not in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reſeru'd the ſtalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as ſome my equals did
Demaund of him,nor being deſired yeelded,
Finding my ſelfe in honour ſo forbidde,
With ſafeſt diſtance I mine honour ſheelded,
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded

Of

Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile
Of this falſe Iewell,and his amorous ſpoile.

But ah who euer ſhun'd by precedent,
The deſtin'd ill ſhe muſt her ſelfe aſſay,
Or forc'd examples gainſt her owne content
To put the by-paſt perrils in her way?
Counſaile may ſtop a while what will not ſtay:
For when we rage,aduiſe is often ſeene
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

Nor giues it ſatisfaction to our blood,
That wee muſt curbe it vppon others proofe,
To be forbod the ſweets that ſeemes ſo good,
For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe;
O appetite from iudgement ſtand aloofe!
The one a pallate hath that needs will taſte,
Though reaſon weepe and cry it is thy laſt.

For further I could ſay this mans vntrue,
And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guilded in his ſmiling,
Knew vowes,wer e euer brokers to defiling,
Thought Characters and words meerly but art,
And baſtards of his foule adulterat heart.

And long vpon theſe termes I held my Citty,
Till thus hee gan beſiege me: Gentle maid
Haue of my ſuffering youth ſome feeling pitty
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,
Thats to ye ſworne to none was euer ſaid,
For feaſts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto
Till now did nere inuite nor neuer vovv.

All my offences that abroad you ſee